

Tha King "Victory 2005 Ft. 50 Cent, Bankz, P.Diddy"

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(Opening) Tony Montana "scarface"

What are you looking at? Your all a bunch of fucking assholes you know that, you wanna know why, because you dont' got the guts to be what you wanna be, you need people like me, so you can point your fuckin fingers,

so you can say thats the bad guy,

whell what that make you, good? No you just know how to hide, how to lie,

me, i dont have that problem, me i always tell the truth, even when i lie.

(50 Cent)

Yo, we can't stay alive forever So if shit hit the fan then we m

So if shit hit the fan then we might as well die together I'm high as ever, more holes and more cheddar G-Unit move around wit them pounds and berreta's Yea faggot, if I want it I'm gon' have it Regardless if it's handed to me or I gotta grab it Don't make a ass outta yaself tryin to stop me I'm cocky, raps rocky, nigga you sloppy You know that I'm, 8 levels above you nigga I'll club you nigga, I never heard of you nigga, ugly nigga

I'm the wrong one to provoke

You rattin on niggas is only gon' leave you smoke
So the only thing left now is tools for these cowrads
I got no friends, fuck most of these cowards
They pop shit 'till we start approaching these cowards
While we lay around dollars, they lay around flowers

(Tha King)

This is Victory 2004 nothing is promised, bad boys for life you know we keep it tight, leave ya chest open, your gonna feel the knife, this is the king,

so you know im gonna tell it right, im spittin it hardcore and un-nice,

yeah it is true that i am white,

but my insides are like NY they as black as night, Cut my veins and ill bleed red. this is the only time your gonna see it,

cus for You, i wouldn't shed it, I would bang your head to it,

leave ya faced screwed up, then tie your body to it, Fuckin with me, your the only one in your family left, quit playing when im around, or i'll make you meet death.

I'm sick of stillettos pumpin,

ill leave ya body jumpin, raise your heartbeat, the promise i made that ima kill ya, im gonna keep, Your body's in a casket and your pushin 6feet, can't move

cus your already in it knee deep, G-unit, Die-Nasty, this a collaberation of Rap's Greats, Im tellin rhymes that i know

Politicans are gonna hate. I would have voted against Bush, if i had

a say, Im the youth of the nation, im gonna run this country one day.

Ain't tryin to put tha man down, but he still dont know what he doing.

The country is so broke, hes got the rich suein. He's neva been

around where im from, he wouldn't get it anyways, hes texas dumb,

drop ya body with this mac, and it goes numb, come back if u wanna wanna battle.

(Chorus)

We got the real live shit from front to back
To my people in the world, where the hell you at?
Where my soldiers is at? [2X]
Where my real live my soldiers?
Where my soldiers is at?

I got a intergangstress who argue and steams wit reefer

And who flip when I call a bitch like she Queen Latifah Not all the vehicle's is long enough to stash the streetsweeper

This shit can get uglier than the Master P sneaker We slidin through the ruckus, wit prada on the chuckus Soon as spring break ho's home from college wanna fuck us

I ain't here to drop knowledge on you suckas I'll sick rottweiler's on you fuckas, cops followin to cuff us

Top dollars to discuss this, whole lotta zeros When it comes to paper I blow a soul outta aero I'ma break before I lay floor berry Besides, every rapper ain't a star, nigga plad ain't burberry

You can't tame Lloyd, smokin by the big screen

You changin the channel looks like I'm playin the game boy

I know to watch botherin ya vision

You reach and I'll put a dot on ya head like its part of yo religion

Why party wit a pigeon?

I'm blowin a 10 cuz Bush handin flyers for a party in a prison

(Chorus)

We got the real live shit from front to back
To my people in the world, where the hell you at?
Where my soldiers is at? [2X]
Where my real live my soldiers?
Where my soldiers is at?

(P.Diddy)

Come on it stay dark for long They say its darkest before the dawn Cars before the storm

I'm happy makes a bethus now preaching the song I can see B.I. rocking the Sean John yeah right This is for life afters like B.I. Frank White Yo Bad Boy for life

No matter what the public say we gon prove There aint another rapper who could feel ya shoes Cuz Biggie Smalls is the illest

Realest my stones and killas got homes and villas Overseas and what was me

Who found out other MCs been tryin to find ya route This illman MC used to be on other shit Took home "Life after Death" and then studied it

Listened to the double disk

Now they all spit

Frank tell how we did it!

(Chorus)

Where my real live niggas? Where my bitches is at?

(DMX)

Arff Arff, Its my surivival instict that keeps my head above the water

Everday i show another how to slaughter, plug your daughter with

more holes than sponges, attack men for the stocks, over lunges, for these i shoot the breeze, extort,

enough

keys from the cubans to build a fuckin fort, caught in something i cant

control, tryin to a got a hoe, big roll of swoll, I catch bodies like a cold and stay sick so face it I take ya life and erase it wasted in the fuckin streets cause it ain't worth shit the undertaker take ya ass under

the earth quick I love money but the scrambles hot so i snatch up my man and hit the gamblin spot 20 grand is got one nigga shit one nigga less what used to be his chest is now a mess under his fuckin yest.

(Chorus)

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To my people in the world, where the hell you at?
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We got the real live shit from front to back
To my people in the world, where the hell you at?
Where my soldiers is at? [2X]
Where my real live my soldiers?
Where my soldiers is at?

(Biggie)- Fuck ya Niggaz Wanna Do

(Tha King)- Theres nothing you can do, No stopping today, no stopping tomorrrow, its right now.

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